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THE SALT PILGRIMAGE

ALONG the northern beaches of the Gulf of California there are salt deposits, left in the low sandy stretches by the high tides. The country is waterless and uninhabited, and few whites have penetrated it even to the present day. Records have been left of this forbidding waste of sand dunes by Kino, by Anza,[1] and later by Lumholtz,[2] and all thought they were lucky to get themselves and their animals through alive. But the Papago, since prehistoric times, have been visiting this wilderness to fetch salt, both for use and for trade. Velarde reports: "There is salt in the inlets on the coast. The Pimas take some to distribute to friends and relatives, especially the Pimas of the west (Papago). Those of the north care little about it." [3]

To this day the Papago continue their pilgrimages to the salt beds.[4] They have, through the centuries, worked out routes which take them past the few hidden "tanks," or rocky reservoirs, of rain water to be found in the wastes of sand. Even so, the last lap of the journey which brings them to the gulf must be made with no other drinking water than that in their canteens. Though they take canny means to compass the journey safely, they make no attempt to minimize its hardships. Rather, these are emphasized to the last degree and used as an occasion for heroism. Even in the days of gourd canteens, they carried only the minimal quantity of water. Now that they have horses, they use them neither for carrying extra water nor extra quantities of salt. They fast voluntarily, almost to starvation.

[1] Bolton, 1930, I, 30. [2] Lumholtz, 1912, pp. 196-254. [3] Velarde, Sec. 2, p. 187.

[4] The Pima do not make the salt pilgrimage, but say they always traded for salt with the Papago.

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tarily, almost to starvation. They run until men have been known to die from the effects. The south, which is the direction of the gulf, is often designated in their poetry, not by a color, but as "the painful direction."

The hardships, which have been thus raised from an accident into an institution, constitute one of the principal opportunities for gaining power. The journey is hedged about with ceremonial restrictions, from the time it is first proposed till long after the return. The salt pilgrimage is, in fact, very like a war party, and some of its rules are even more stringent. It is as though the Papago, who had so little to do with war, had transferred some of the magical elements connected with it to this safer and more regular form of ordeal.

The returned pilgrims were purified, like the enemy slayer and the eagle killer, and they achieved the same title: "ripe man." Their endeavor, like that of the other power seekers, resulted ultimately in rain. Pilgrims are thought to bring back with them the moist wind from the ocean, and the songs used for their purification are the same as those for the growth of crops. During the ritual the salt is ceremonially spoken of as corn. Yet it is not, in itself, sacred, any more than are the crops. After a little of it has been purified, just as specimen crops are purified at the cleansing ceremony, salt may be eaten, given away, or even traded, without further ritual. The Pima, who do not make the salt pilgrimage, used to get all their salt from the Papago by trade.

PREPARATION

All the Papago villages, in the old days, made the salt pilgrimage. Now, some have dropped it, and others may have dropped most of the ritual. Only Santa Rosa and Anegam have a full set of songs and speeches, and the others admit that "they know how to get salt. The rest of us just do what we can."

Each main village had for the salt expedition a recognized leader who was known as *siiwanyi*, the old name for rain magician. His functions were both practical and priestly, for not only must he know the route and the water holes but also must make

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ritual recitations and guide his party through a long series of ceremonial acts. He was usually chosen by the former leader from among the older men who had many trips to their credit, and he was expected to learn his duties by observation *en route*. As a leader grew old, he would begin to enlist the assistance of one of the more mature men, and finally the latter would step into his place without further formality. According to Papago pattern, the chosen assistant was a relative if possible.

The season for fetching salt was summer, after the high tides of spring had left a deposit on the beach. At this time the leader, after consultation with the keeper of the smoke, announced a meeting and told the conditions of the trip. "Now we are going down there. You will follow and obey everything. If you are lucky, you will be a good singer, a hunter, a fighter, a shaman."(1)

Young men with their careers before them volunteered for the expedition, especially if they had not had a chance to go to war, for salt gathering ranked almost with war as an opportunity for dreaming and acquiring power. Having volunteered for his first trip, a man must continue to go for four successive years or he would be ill. During these first four trips he ranked as a neophyte and must be purified on his return. Afterward purification was shorter, but he observed the ceremonial restrictions on the trail. After ten trips, there were no restrictions or purification, and he was eligible as a leader.

Any village which had decided on a trip would send messengers to its neighbors, inviting recruits. The neighbors held meetings in their turn and reported the number of volunteers; then a date was set when all the parties should meet at the first stop along the way. If there were many men, the date might be eight days later; if only a few, four days. From the night of the meeting all the future pilgrims remained sexually continent. The neophytes practiced running, since when they reached the ocean it was by running that they would obtain a vision. They collected their equipment, which must all be new, since used property might have come under the influence of a menstruating woman.

Since the coming of horses, a horse has been the first requisite for the salt pilgrimage. But the Papago use this convenience spar-

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317 484 492 [427] [415] [283] [415] [482] ingly. Each man took only one horse, rode it to the salt beds, loaded it, and walked home. Each pilgrim must keep his horse fresh for the trip. If he had none, he might borrow, and no one would dare refuse. The compensation to the horse's owner was half a load of salt, or one saddlebagfull. The saddlebags taken were the ancient netted receptacles of maguey fiber. Inside these the salt was wrapped in handwoven cotton sheets or, in old days, fiber mats. Each pilgrim must make ropes of hair or of maguey fiber, for a bridle and for hobbling his horse. He wore, in the old days, only breech cloth and sandals. At his waist he carried two canteens, made of gourds, covered with rabbit skin, and slung in a grass net. He also carried a pouch of parched corn meal and the small watertight basket which was his only utensil for eating and drinking. Beside the corn meal, "ripe men" might carry as much dried squash, tortillas, or any other food as they could manage.

317 484 192 For all equipment there was a special vocabulary, analogous to that used on the warpath. The horse was called the partner; the gourd, the jar; the basket, the dish; pinole, gruel; hay, weeds; salt, corn. For other common terms there were words showing a similar slight variation. These words the neophyte must learn and not misuse, under pain of accident on the journey.

317 484 782 184 Each village took prayer sticks in some form, to be offered to the ocean. The following list will show the variety introduced under the general heading prayer-stick offering:

Komarik: prayer sticks with two turkey or eagle feathers. Left at each camping place, and one thrown by each man into the sea.

Pisinimo: eagle down; no sticks. Each man brings his own down and throws it into the sea.

Anegam and Santa Rosa: peeled white sticks of western willow; no feathers. Carried by leader. One placed at every camp, and one given each man to throw in the sea.

Akchin: sticks with turkey or eagle feathers carried by leader, placed at each camp along the way and given men to carry into the sea and to bring back again. One large stick, with streamer of red cloth, planted on the beach.

San Miguel: strips of red cloth thrown into ocean.

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All the villages took sacred corn meal as an offering. It must be made from flat-headed corn (two ears growing together, so that each had one flat side). Each man brought his own in a small pouch of rabbit skin carried at the waist.

During the period of preparation a meeting was held every night, at which the leader received reports of progress. When the last day arrived the leader asked: "Are you ready? Is everything new?" Next morning, when the dawn star rose, they started.

THE JOURNEY

There were two accessible salt deposits, reached by different routes. One route led straight south, through Quijotoa and Sharp Mountain, requiring only two days and a half. However, this meant forced marches, when the men had sometimes to travel half the night in order to reach the one camp which had water. The village of Akchin, which followed this route, took the minimum time for ceremonials and recited no long speeches. The other route led west to Ajo Mountain and then south, past the present Pinacate. This took four days; Santa Rosa and Anegam, which followed it, had long rituals for each of the watering places.

They rode single file, with the leader ahead "like a quail with her young." All the contingencies of the journey were dealt with by forms of sympathetic magic. They must never step off the trail, for that might "ruin somebody's [some animal's] house," and the animal would become their enemy. They must never think of home and their women, for this would delay their progress. For the same reason, they must always sleep with their heads to the ocean that it might "draw them on." They must never spill a drop of the precious water from their canteens, or they would be punished by a flood. This happened to one informant. As a result, the party had to ride in a cloudburst, and they found the salt beds so flooded that they could scarcely excavate any salt.(4)

They observed the usual ceremonial restriction of speaking slowly and in a low voice, and Santa Rosa men were not allowed to speak at all.(4) For the neophytes there were other rules. They must obey every direction instantly and must never walk, but al-

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ways run. They had two meals a day, noon and evening, and these were special occasions for the exhibition of fortitude. They sat in a circle, each holding his basket, but not touching the corn meal he carried, while the leader stood in the center and spoke:

1. Was not this our purpose—that we should indeed make this journey on behalf of all? Thus we may attain much: great industry; great endurance of hunger; great energy. Something each man desires: to be a great runner, a shaman, a great singer, a great hunter. After having seen many things, look you, it is thus [as I have described] that each man will feel, look you, as he returns home [that is, he will have attained his heart's desire].(6)

This he said that "the men might realize the seriousness of the occasion." If they took it lightly, there would be an accident: a horse might escape or die, or a man might be injured.

After the leader had spoken, he went to the first neophyte. Taking from the man's pouch a little corn meal, he placed it in the basket held ready and added water from the man's gourd, the man himself not touching anything. The leader stirred the mixture and handed it to its owner to drink, but the latter, if he was brave, would let the corn meal settle and drink the thin solution on top, throwing the rest away. It was not etiquette for a man to turn his back to the circle; "he might eat too much." "Ripe men" were not subject to these restrictions, but ate as they pleased. They might also smoke, a privilege forbidden the neophytes. They puffed toward the sun, with a long "A-a-ah!" and the usual invocation: "You stand there [pointing]. Give me blessing. Give me life."

Each stage of the journey had its appointed ceremonial procedure, varying from the planting of prayer sticks with a very brief invocation, to the presentation of long ritual speeches. Komarik and Anegam left a prayer stick at each water hole, the Anegam invocation being:

2. Lo, it is my own offering, which already I have carefully made and finished. I have come bringing it, and thus I do: I will offer it. See it and do for me increasingly [what I ask]. Grant powers to me: great speed in running; great industry; great skill in hunting. Grant powers to me: great lightness in running; great industry. I will take them;

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I will journey back, and I will attain my desire. Not hard will it be to turn homeward, not hard to reach my land.(5)

This speech was impromptu. The one quoted was made by an informant who had special ambitions to be a runner.

Anegam and Santa Rosa made ritual speeches, those now preserved at Anegam being the most elaborate. On the second night of the journey (the first having ended a forced march), the Anegam crier called his men together.

3. Already has again leaped down [the sun] the gift of God, and shadow covers us. Already has arrived [Coyote] our shining-eyed comrade, our burning-eyed comrade. Around us four times he went, swiftly circling, then he stood still. His shining and his circling seemed of good omen. Then hurry! Gather quickly! Come together! That we may speed our ceremonies.*(5)

The men seated themselves in a circle with arms folded and heads bowed. Each removed his sandals and tied a buckskin thong around his hair, that it might not blow and cause him to raise his hands, disturbing the meeting. The leader made an introductory speech known as The Heartening.

4. Already has again leaped down [the sun] the shining traveler, and shadow begins to cover us. Already has arrived [Coyote] our shining white comrade and four times around us he went circling. Already has he strengthened our hearts and perfected them; he has strengthened our hands and perfected them; he has strengthened our legs and perfected them. He has done the same for our beasts. He has strengthened their hearts and perfected them; he has strengthened their hands (forelegs) and perfected them; he has strengthened their legs (hind legs) and perfected them.(5)

Then followed the speech known as The Preparation. This is actually a psychological preparation for receiving visions at the ocean. More than that, it is in the nature of a pattern for such visions. A neophyte, even though he completely lacked imagination, could hardly fail, when in a state of exhaustion and with this speech in memory, to imagine the experience expected of him.

* In this speech circumlocutions are used instead of the important words "sun" and "coyote." In old days the sun was called the shining traveler, but Christian expressions have crept in.

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317 484 637 The speech is one of those known as *s'hámpataki nyiò'k* (wise talks), which refer only to salt. The introduction is spoken in the usual oratorical style, with emphasis on the last word of sentence or phrase. This introduction describes at length the approach to the supernatural through tobacco smoke. But when the smoke has done its work and the suppliant finds himself before the supernatural, there begins the "throwing words" in monotonous panting form, which is the characteristic of salt orations.

317 484 x 539

5. Food she cooked for me;
I did not eat.
Water she poured for me;
I did not drink.
Then, thus to me she said:
"What, then, is it?
You did not eat the food which I have cooked,
The water which I fetched you did not drink."
Then, thus I said:
"It is a thing I feel."

I rose, and across the bare spaces did go walking;
Did peep through the openings in the scrub,
Looking about me, seeking something.
Thus I went on and on.
Where there was a tree that suited me,
Beneath it prone and solitary I lay;
My forehead upon my folded arms, I lay.[8]

There was an ancient woman.
Some lore she had somehow learned,
And quietly she went about telling it.
To me she spoke, telling it.
Then did I raise myself upon my hands:
I put them to my face and wiped away the dust;
I put them to my hair and shook out twigs and rubbish.
I rose. I reached the shade before my house,
And there did try to sit; not like itself it seemed.

[8] The Pima, who do not have a salt pilgrimage, include in their war speeches (Russell, pp. 358, 363) descriptions of a trance state like the above. Another indication that the Papago have, in some ways, made the salt pilgrimage a substitute for war.

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Then did I make myself small and squeeze through my narrow door.
On my bed I tried to lie; not like itself it seemed.
About me with my hand I felt;
About the withes that bound the walls I felt,
Seeking my jointed reed [cigarette].

Then, thus I did.
Within my hut I tried to feel about with my fingers,
At the base of my hut, in the dirt,
I tried to feel about with my fingers,
Seeking my jointed reed.
I could not find it.
To the center of the house did I go crawling [ceiling being low],
And the center post
Seemed a white prayer stick,
So like it was.
At its base did I go feeling in the dirt,
Seeking my jointed reed;
I could not find it.

There did I seize my flat stick [for hoeing].
I leaned upon it.
I made myself small and squeezed out the door.
Lo, I saw my ashes in many piles;
Already were they all hardened and all cracked.
I sat down, and with the hoe I went to breaking them.
Among them, somehow, did I find my reed joint.

Then did I scratch it.
Lo, there still tobacco lay.
There beside me, then, I saw
Near me lying a shaman ember charred.
Long ago had it grown moldy and full of holes.
I took it up, and four times hard did shake it.
Within a spark burst out and brightly burned.
Then the reed joint did I light, and to my lips I put it,
And somehow tried to move toward my desire.

Begin "throwing words."

In what direction shall I first breathe out?
To eastward did I breathe.

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It was my reed smoke in white filaments stretching.
I followed it, and I went on and on.
Four times I stopped, and then I reached
The rainhouse standing in the east.
Delightful things were done there.
All kinds of white clouds thatch it.
All kinds of rainbows form the binding withes.
The winds upon its roof fourfold are tied.
Powerless was I there.
It was my reed smoke;
Therewith did I go untying them.
Quietly I peeped in.
Lo, there I saw
Him (the rainmaker), my guardian
Yonder; far back in the house, facing away from me, he sat.
My reed smoke toward him did circling go
Toward the door; it did cause him to turn his eyes
And set him there.

Then did I say:
"What will you do, my guardian?
Yonder see,
The earth which you have spread thus wretched seems.
The mountains which you placed erect now crumbling stand.
The trees you planted have no leaves.
The birds you threw into the air
Wretchedly flit therein and do not sing.
The beasts that run upon the earth
At the tree roots go digging holes
And make no sound.
The wretched people
See nothing fit to eat." Thus did I say.

There did the entrails within him crack with pity.
"Verily nephew, for so I name you,
Do you enter my house, and do you tell me Something?
The people are afraid; none dares to enter.
But you have entered and have told me,
And Something, indeed, I will cause you to see."

"But let me reach my house" [I said], "then let it happen."

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Then in his breast he put his hand and brought forth seed: 317
White seed, blue seed, red seed, smooth seed. 424
Then did I fold it tight and grasp it and rush forth. 639

I saw the land did sloping lie.
Before I had gone far the wind did follow and breathe upon me.
Then, down at the foot of the east there moved the clouds,
And from their breasts the lightning did go roaring.
Though the earth seemed very wide,
Straight across it fell the rain
And stabbed the north with its drops.
Straight across it fell the rain
And stabbed the south with its drops.
The flood channels, lying side by side,
Seemed many;
But the water from all directions went filling them to the brim.
The ditches lying side by side
Seemed many;
But the water along them went bubbling.
The magicians on the nearby mountains
Went rushing out, gathering themselves together.
The storm went on and on.
It reached the foot of the west, it turned and faced about.
It saw the earth spongy with moisture.

Thus beautifully did my desire end:
Thus perchance will you also feel, my kinsman.(5)

This speech, unlike most of the other orations and narratives, does not refer to anything in the origin myth. The "guardian" is not Elder Brother, and informants, when asked about him, could supply no further information: "the words of the speech were *given*." But an Aztec prayer quoted by Sahagún [1] and addressed to /7/ the Tlalocs, or rain gods, has phraseology that is strikingly similar.

No one has been able to escape the suffering and tribulation of the present famine. The animals and the birds themselves are in need on account of the great drought. It is pitiable to see the birds, of whom some have their wings falling and dragging on the earth as a result of

[1] Sahagún, Jourdanet, pp. 344-48.

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their privations. Others fall and cannot stand on their feet. Others have their mouths open, panting to eat and drink.

As for the other animals, O Lord, it is grievous to see them walking and falling down with weakness, licking the earth, their tongues hanging out, their gullets open, panting with hunger and thirst. . . .

It is grievous, O Lord, to see everywhere the surface of the earth dry and unable to produce either grass or tree or anything which may serve for nourishment.

The Aztec has no parallel to the vivid Papago description or the desert and the hut. The phrases quoted, if they are indeed a heritage from some Nahua prayer have undergone many permutations before inclusion in the salt ritual.

Santa Rosa gives an abbreviated version of the same material.

SALT SPEECH IN CAMP

6. Thus was my desire.
Then hastily I ate the food which my wife had cooked;
Hastily I took my child in my arms.
"What is it?
What has he learned that he is acting thus?
The day has dawned when I must go."

Begin "throwing words."

Ready!
Then forth I stepped upon the west-lying road.
Utterly weary I was when evening fell.
Then I pushed together the remaining embers of my fire.
Beside them, with head bowed, I sat.
Within my pouch I thrust my hand
And brought forth my reed joint [cigarette].
I stood it up [in the fire, to light it];
I wet it.
Strongly I breathed out upon the west-lying road.
I asked of him, my guardian, many kinds of power.
I asked to be hunger enduring, thirst enduring, cold enduring.
I asked for swift-leaping legs,
Strong-grasping hands,
Keen eyes.
Four times the dawn poured over me

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As I trod the west-lying road.
Then I reached him, my guardian,
And more than I asked he did for me.
A mixture he made that was like white clay.
With it on my breast he marked me;
On my back he marked me;
On my shoulder tops, both sides, he marked me.
Then most perfectly did he purify me,
So that nowhere do I take any hurt,
Wherever I go.
Thus should you, too, do and think,
All you my kinsmen.(4)

On both routes a mountain was passed, just at the edge of the sandy waste which led to the gulf. The climbing of this peak and the first view of the "outspread water" was surrounded with ritual. 317 484 487

On the southern route, it was Sharp Mountain, reached on the second night. When the party was a mile or so from its base, the leader stopped them; bade the men tie everything tight on their horses and line up for a race. They galloped to the base of the mountain, where there was a tank, but when they reached it, no one must drink or water his horse. They waited till the leader arrived, having picked up any of the precious equipment dropped on the way. Then the neophytes must dismount and race on foot to the top of the mountain. "Part of the way you couldn't run. You had to crawl in the sand." 317 484

When each man reached the top, he turned to get his first view of the gulf and stretched out his right arm toward it; then moved the arm down his face and body, receiving power. The man with the prayer stick waved it. Then each planted a prayer stick, with the invocation:

7. I have brought the thing which I promised you. Now we are drawing close, and I desire something. I shall indeed remember that which I promised you, and I shall give it. Give me a good life and power.(6) [539]x

When they returned to the tank, they might drink. Here they filled their canteens, for it was the last fresh water they would

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317 484 find. At a little distance grew the last tree they would see, and from it they cut scratching sticks, to be used as soon as they had touched salt.

Then they went as far as possible that night, so that they might get to the ocean and back the next day. It would be a waterless twenty-four hours, and they had drunk all they could at the tank in preparation. At this last camping place they left all extra equipment, and each man deposited one of his canteens. When they returned from their day of salt gathering, they would be sure of a drink.

[713] The peak where Anegam and Santa Rosa performed their ritual was Black Mountain,[8] the Ararat where Elder Brother is said to have landed in his olla after the flood. Here, also, there was water, which the neophytes might not drink until they had raced up the hill. The fleetest of them carried one prayer stick for all. He waved [788] it four times toward the ocean, then four times across his breast from right to left and four times down, while the others "cleansed" themselves with a similar motion. The man with the prayer stick then sat down and pounded it into the earth, with the usual invocation. Santa Rosa and Anegam also left prayer sticks at the tree where they cut scratching sticks.

317 484 637 On this last night, both Santa Rosa and Anegam made speeches which prefigured the purification of the neophyte and his acquisition of power. The Anegam speech describes most vividly the neophyte's entrance into the water and the ceremonial throwing of corn meal, which was the actual procedure. In the visions of Anegam, Coyote was the traditional protector, while with Santa Rosa it is the unnamed "guardian" himself. The "marking" described is the same as that which is used in naming a child and in purifying a girl at puberty. It seems to stand for purification, though it is not now used for the salt pilgrim.

317 484 x 539 After the crier's call and "The Heartening," the Anegam speaker said:

8. Thus was fulfilled my desire.
Toward the west a black road did lie.

[8] Mexican, Pinacate.

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Then upon it did I tread and follow it.
Four times did I camp and then did reach the wide-spreading water.

Already had arrived the woolly comrade [Coyote].
Around us four times did he go circling,
And lo, already the white clay was mixed for me,
The owl feather for painting laid upon it.

To him did Coyote pull the young man and set him there.
With the clay across the heart he marked him.
Back he turned, and on the right shoulder marked him.
In front he crossed, and on the left shoulder marked him.
Back he turned, and on the back he marked him.
Then well he purified him.

There was corn meal, made from flat-headed corn.
I sprinkled a handful, and again a handful,
As I ran into the wide-spreading water.
Though dangerously it crashed toward me,
I did not reck,
But I walked near and cast the sacred meal.

There followed another wave.
I did not reck.
I walked nearer and cast the sacred meal.
Though dangerously it roared, crashing and falling,
I did not reck.
I cast the sacred meal.

There followed a fourth wave.
Dangerously it roared;
It crashed, it rolled over me, it broke behind me,
But firm I stood and sought what I might see.

Then did I come forth
And along the beach begin to run,
And somewhere there did come upon
[Coyote], our woolly comrade.
Our comrade with burning eyes.

Dangerously he turned upon me,
But I ran toward him and did not reck.
Nearer I came and cast the sacred meal.

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Then did he run, did run and run,
Till at last he only walked
And I did follow, and did come upon him.
In a circle did I run and come behind him.
I did not reck, but cast the sacred meal.

Again he dashed away.
I followed and did overtake him.
Then wild he barked and, crouching, turned to bite.
I did not reck, but cast the sacred meal.
Then he stood still and said:
"Verily, nephew, you will take away
All of my powers together,
And more and more a seer you will be
Of mysteries."

He took me, then, he took me;
He made me stand
Beside the wide-spreading water.
Under the spray that rose like smoke he took me.
Across on the other side he brought me out
To a pool of water thick as cactus juice.
He set me before it.

"Ready, nephew!
Now, if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.
I drank it empty; then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them up, and carried them away.

Then, next, he took me
To a pool of water, thick with greenish scum;
He set me before it.
"Ready, nephew!
Now if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.

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I drank it empty, then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them tight, and carried them away.

Then, next, he took me
To a pool of yellow water
And set me before it.
"Ready, nephew!
Now if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.
I drank it empty, then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them tight, and carried them away.

Then next he took me
To a pool of bloody water
And set me before it.
"Ready, nephew!
Now, if you are brave
You will drink all and you will take away
All of my powers together."
Then down I threw myself.
I drank and drank.
I drank it empty, then I scraped the dregs,
Folded them tight, and carried them away.

Then he stood still and said:
"If you shall take away
All of my powers together,
Then more and more a seer shall you be
Of mysteries."

Then he went, taking me,
And reached a land
Which lies before the sunset.
There abides the bitter wind.
Not slowly did we go.
About the wind's house dust lay scattered wildly.
Not slowly did he go and bring me there.
Then, leaping up, did I stretch out my hand.
I grasped the wind and slowly bent him down,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

Till blood drops trickled from him.
Then from that house I seized
A leather shield and a short club,
A well-strung bow and smooth, straight-flying arrow,
A sharp-cutting sword.
These did I bind together
And did return whence I had come.

That water did I reach
Which was thick like cactus juice,
And there a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him, saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."
Then forth he brought his white magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then did I reach
The pool of water thick with greenish scum.
There a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."
Then forth he brought his green magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then did I reach
The pool of yellow water.
Therein a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him, saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."
Then forth he took his yellow magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then did I reach
The pool of bloody water.
Therein a magician sat.
Coyote made me stand before him, saying:
"What will you do for this my nephew?
I have brought him here."

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

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Then forth he brought his red magic power
And placed it in my heart.

Then back Coyote took me whence we came,
And reached the wide-spreading ocean.
Under the smoke-like spray he carried me,
Even to that place where I had run along the beach,
And there he left me.
Then down I fell, but rose and toward the east came running.
He had not slept [the leader of the expedition].
Straight to him walking, into his hands I put
The power I had won, tight pressing it.

Then I saw emerge
[The sun], the gift of God.
Then up I looked, I followed the road,
I camped four times, and reached my land.

The powers I had won beneath my bed I placed.
I lay upon them and lay down to sleep.
Then, in a little time mysteriously there came to me
Beautiful drunken songs;
Beautiful songs for the circling dance;
Beautiful songs for the maidens' dance,
Wherewith the maiden I might cozen,
My songs the stay-at-home youths did learn and sing,
Scarce permitting me to be heard.

With my songs the evening spread echoing,
And the early dawn emerged with a good sound,
The firm mountains stood echoing therewith,
And the trees stood deep rooted.(5)

Again, the Santa Rosa version was abridged.

SALT SPEECH AT OCEAN
(Santa Rosa)

9. It was mysteriously hidden.
Wanting it, I could not find it.
In behind my house post I thrust my hand;
I could not find it.
There was a short leftover stick.
With this, feeling my way, I went out the door.
At the door my ashes were piled high.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

Then, hard I struck them and out I took it,
My jointed reed [cigarette].
Burnt out, it seemed.
Then I scratched it.
There at the side charred blackness lay.
Four times I struck it,
And out a great spark shone.
I lit it in the fire;
I put it to my lips;
I smoked.
Right swiftly white filaments stretched out
Until they reached the sunrise.

Begin "throwing words."

I followed, and I reached the sacred house
That stands within the east.
All kinds of cloudiness was there bound up,
And I could not unloose it.
It was my cigarette smoke,
Floating beneath the clouds, it did unbind.
I tried to see him, my guardian,
But squarely turned away from me he sat.
It was my cigarette smoke
Circling about; it turned him
And set him facing me.
What will he do, my guardian?
"Most wretched lies the earth which you have made.
The trees which you have planted leafless stand.
The birds you threw into the air
Alight in vain and do not sing.
The springs of water are gone dry.
The beasts that run upon the earth,
They make no sound."

"Indeed, indeed, my nephew;
Is this so hard to change?
Not hard it is if all think and act with one accord.
Know this and go back whence you came."

Then home I turned me.
Westward the land was sloping laid;

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

Across it slowly did I go. 317
I reached my sleeping place. 484
Four dawns I passed. 539
Then, at the east a wind arose,
Well knowing whither it should blow.
The standing trees it went shaking;
The rubbish at the foot of the trees it piled.
All the way to the west it went, and there, back looking,
Turned itself and saw
The land well smoothed and finished.

Leaves on it there came forth.
A shining cloud toward the sky upreared
And touched it with its head.
All kinds of clouds together their crests upreared,
And with it they did go.
Although the north seemed very far,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Although the south seemed more than far,
Clear to the very edge of it did they go.
Then, within the great Rainy Mountains
A black cloud rose.
With them it mixed, and with them it did go.
Pulling out their white breast feathers
Did they go.

Then they stood still and looked.
Although the ditches seemed deep enough,
And needing no more digging,
Full to the brim they were,
With rubbish high piled on the edges.
Although the flood channels seemed deep enough
And needing no more digging,
Full to the brim, they were,
With rubbish high piled at the edges.
All the way to the west went [the clouds],
And there they turned and looked back.
They saw the land lying beautifully moist and finished.

Then on it old men in a circle sat
And held their meeting.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

317 Then they scattered seed, and it came forth.
484 A thick root came forth;
*539 A thick stalk came forth;
Great broad leaves came forth;
A fair tassel came forth,
And well it ripened.
Therewith were delightful the evenings;
Delightful the dawns.

Thus, indeed, should you think and desire, all you my kinsmen.(5)

SALT GATHERING AND SEA POWER

317 Akchin reached the salt beds on the day after viewing them from the peak. The procedure was brief, for the men had left their extra canteens several hours' march away and must reach them before night. As they neared the salt beds, the leader urged them to hurry. They dismounted without ceremony; grubbed into the earth for the long stones embedded there, and with them smashed salt lumps and proceeded to load them. As they did so, they adjured the salt: "Belight! We are going back to see the old women." (6)*

317 When each man finished loading his horse, he approached the 782 leader. The latter had, laid out before him, the sacred corn meal, the peeled prayer sticks, and the newly cut scratching sticks, also a piece of red cloth (in old days one of the hand woven headbands). This cloth he tied to a large unfeathered stick, which he planted in sight of the sea, with the usual invocation. Then he gave to each man a pinch of corn meal in his left hand and a prayer stick in his right. He also gave him a scratching stick to tie on his belt, with the instructions:

10. I give you, as your property, this stick for scratching. You will run, and you will reach the water. You will see how it continually comes toward you. You will approach it, and you will throw corn meal; corn meal you will pour upon it. There will come another wave: you will throw corn meal. There will come another (wave): you will throw corn meal. There will come another (wave): you will throw corn meal.(6)

[827] * This refers to the old women who came out to meet the pilgrims on their return, begging for donations of salt.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

The men walked into the sea, throwing corn meal on the approaching waves, as they were bidden. To these desert people the waves had a peculiar horror, and the mere facing them was considered an act of bravery. Men who seem to make no great matter of battle or starvation have recounted to the writer with deep pride how they walked in up to their necks. They have heard but vaguely of swimming, from the Seri and the Yuma. To them the ocean is the edge of the world, fraught with power and death.

The Akchin men retained the prayer sticks in their hands as a protection. After they had faced the fourth wave, they went back to the leader. They gave him the prayer sticks to be used on another occasion and dusted off any corn meal that had remained on their hands into his pouch. Then they left, walking behind their horses. Any visions which the ocean might vouchsafe would appear on the journey home or during the subsequent purification.

Santa Rosa and the other villages of the western route traveled two days after viewing the ocean, since they must go along the coast some distance before reaching salt. The place they used, called Salty Badger, was a bed a quarter of a mile long and half a mile from the gulf. On reaching it, the neophytes dismounted and Akchin planted a prayer stick. Then the neophytes ran four times around the salt bed, counterclockwise(1, 4, 5),[10] while the older men galloped around on their horses.

Then they began to break up the lumps of salt and spread them to dry on sheets or mats. As each man picked up his first lump, he made the motion of passing it over his body, saying: "Give me power. Let me safely reach my home."(4) Some addressed the salt bed: "We mean no harm. We have only come to gather salt."(5)

While the salt was drying, the neophytes went into the sea. In some villages each man had his prayer stick and corn meal; in some the leader provided it. One, San Miguel, threw into the sea only scraps of red cloth.

Pisinimo ran to the top of the first sand dunes, whence the waves could be seen, and there strewed corn meal, saying: "Be favorable to me. Be smooth. Let me run and see what I shall see." (1) When they reached the water, Pisinimo again gave an invocation: "Be

[10] Cf. Huichol, Lumholtz, 1900, p. 19.

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

favorable to me. Give me life. Let me be a runner; a shaman; a singer; a hunter."

All those who had their prayer sticks threw them into the sea. If, for some reason, a man was not acceptable to the supernatural, the waves would return the prayer stick. The most usual reasons for rejection were failure in sexual continence during the preparations for the journey or the fact that a man's wife might be menstruating. However, "the sea cleans the sticks." If a man persevered and threw in his offering four times, it would be accepted.

Sometimes a man himself was taken by the sea and engulfed like the prayer sticks. Speech No. 8 speaks of such an experience. No one attempted to rescue the drowning man, for he was being summoned by the supernatural. He might reappear after many years as a powerful shaman, or he might be turned into a bird or a fish.

Any object which a man saw while in the sea was a special gift to him from the supernatural. If he noticed a strand of seaweed, a shell, or a pebble, he sprinkled corn meal on the object, then took it home as a token, very powerful in cleansing salt pilgrims. A kind of seaweed known as "ocean foam" was particularly desired. Sometimes a man took hold of something which, when he found it in his hand, lost its beauty, and in that case he must put it back exactly where he found it, again sprinkling corn meal (5).

After their entry into the sea, the neophytes ran on the beach: a strenuous test of their powers. There was a headland some twenty miles from the salt bed, according to informants, and the men ran to this and back, not stopping except on the headland itself. Some men are reported to have perished from cold and exhaustion during this run, but all trained for it during their whole boyhood, for it was here that a magic experience was expected.

Everything that a man saw while running was an omen for his future career. One informant saw a flock of white cranes, which seemed to him to be men running. He followed them and was able to keep pace, and from this he knew that he would be a great runner. One saw the white cranes playing with a kickball, and knew that he would excel in this sport. One, exhausted from running,

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

saw the mountain ahead of him revolving, and composed a series of songs about it which made him one of the popular leaders for the skipping dance. A legendary case recounts the story of a hero who heard a voice call to him: "The sea shaman wants to see you." He went into a cave, where he was taught songs, and when he emerged found that four years had passed. His house and property had been destroyed, as at death, and his wife considered herself a widow. But he was now a powerful shaman, so highly paid that he soon made good the losses.

There are no tales of men who failed to receive a vision. The aids to the experience, both material and spiritual, were so many that few could fail to have some sight or some emotion that might be regarded as a message from the supernatural. In the subsequent weeks of fasting this could easily magnify itself into a vision.

The runners returned late at night, and the leader waited for them. Speech No. 8 describes him sitting, half dead with cold and weariness. They gave him the objects they had picked up, which must be purified before their power could be used.

PURIFICATION

Early next morning they loaded the horses and left, adjuring the salt to be light, when they placed it in the saddlebags. As they turned to go home, the leader addressed the ocean: "I shall now return. Do you make it easy! Blow me along that I may arrive safely." They started with the elders ahead, then the neophytes, and last the leader, "to push them with his power." They must not look back or think of the salt, because this would impede their journey. They might hear singing behind them, which was the ocean trying to tempt them, but if they heeded it, they would be unable to move. The prohibition against noise was particularly rigid. "It would make the ocean angry." The neophytes must use their scratching sticks and, at the first opportunity, cut new ones to replace those which had been touched by ocean air.

On nearing the home village, they camped just outside, so that they could make an entry in the morning, and sent a messenger to

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

317 [537] announce their arrival, as after a war party. The small boys came out to meet them with bull roarers,[11] which imitate the rain coming from the ocean. The old women came out in a group, begging: "Give me salt," and each man threw them gifts.

Each owned the salt which he had brought, except for two handfuls, which he must contribute to the common pile to be used for that evening's ceremonies. The rest he took to his house, where his family had spread a mat in the sun to receive it. Each member of the family took a handful, from which he breathed in to receive its power, and then the salt was dried; finally it was used or traded.

The family of each neophyte had prepared a shelter where he could pass the days of his purification, and his wife or mother made [827] the new clay dishes which he was to use. An old man had been selected to act as his guardian. This man met him and conducted him immediately to the shelter, where he spent the day in sleep.

317 That night a public purification was held, for in this instance 793 the sixteen days of retreat followed the purification ceremony instead of preceding it. Since the salt pilgrimage usually took place in summer, the ceremony was held out-of-doors. A fire was built to the east of the council house and in the intervening space was placed a pile of salt, to which each pilgrim contributed two handfuls. If the men brought tokens, such as seaweed and shells, these were ranged beside the fire and, in some villages, prayer sticks were placed with them.

At the north of the fire sat the older men who had made the pilgrimage more than four times and who needed no purification but were competent to purify others. They were the singers of the evening and were furnished with scraping sticks and basket drums. Opposite them, at the south, sat the returned neophytes while the spectators sat at the east and the shaman at the west, ouside the door of the ceremonial house.

POSITIONS AT SALT PURIFICATION

317 The keeper of the smoke had charge of the ceremonies. He first 793 passed a ceremonial cigarette around the circle to the right, each 276

[11] Cf. Zuni, Stevenson, 1901–2, p. 354.

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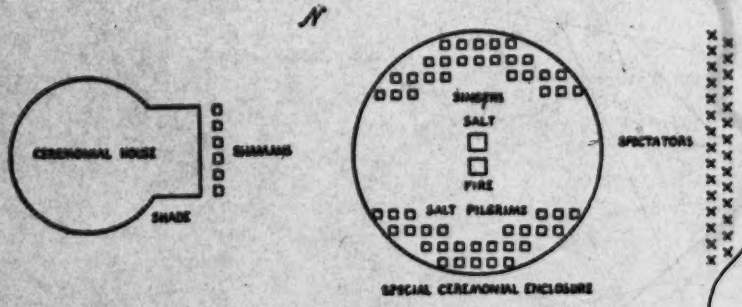
man taking four puffs, then passing it to his neighbor, who received it and called the giver by the proper kinship term. When the cigarette had passed around the whole circle, all bowed their heads,



and a purification speech was made. No one was found who knew the Santa Rosa speech. The one recited is a variation of the material used in the previous speech, The Marking.

FOR SALT PURIFICATION

(Santa Rosa)

11. The remains of a cigarette did I place upright [in the fire, to light it].
I put it to my lips,
I smoked.

To the rain house standing in the west I came.
All kinds of mist were bound up there,
And I could not (unbind them).
It was my cigarette smoke.
Circling around it, it entered and unbound them.
I tried to see him, my guardian,
But squarely turned away from me he sat.
It was my cigarette smoke.
Circling around, it turned him toward me.

Thus I spoke, to him, my guardian.
"What will happen?
Most wretched lies the earth which you have made.
The trees which you have planted, leafless stand.

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The birds you threw into the air,
They perch and do not sing.
The springs of water are gone dry.
The beasts which run upon the earth,
They make no sound."
Thus I said.
"What will befall the earth which you have made?"
Then, thus spake he, my guardian.
"Is this so difficult?
You need but gather and recite the ritual.
Then, knowing all is well,
Go to your homes."

Then back I turned.
Eastward, I saw, the land was sloping laid.
Slowly along I went.
I reached my former sleeping place and laid me down.
Thus, four days did I travel toward the east.
Then in the west a wind arose,
Well knowing whither it should blow.
Up rose a mist and towered toward the sky,
And others stood with it, their tendrils touching.
Then they moved.
Although the earth seemed very wide,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Although the north seemed very far,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Although the south seemed very far,
Clear to the edge of it did they go.
Then to the east they went, and, looking back,
They saw the earth lie beautifully moist and finished.

Then out flew Blue Jay shaman;
Soft feathers he pulled out and let them fall.
The earth was blue (with flowers).
Then out flew Yellow Finch shaman;
Soft feathers he pulled out and let them fall,
Till earth was yellow (with flowers).
Thus was it fair, our year.

Thus should you also think,
All you my kinsmen.(4)

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After the speech, scraping-stick songs were sung. These have the same introduction and ending as the songs to promote growth, and in them the salt is spoken of as corn. All the songs quoted (pp. 72–75) might be sung at this time and, conversely, the salt songs might be sung at a growing ceremony. The introductory songs are the same on both occasions. Here these are omitted, and only those songs which refer to salt are quoted from the writer's collection.

317 783 533

SCRAPING-STICK SONGS FOR THE PURIFICATION OF SALT PILGRIMS 317 783 539

12. *Hí hianai hu!*
Here we pour it out and sing for it [the salt].
Here we pour it out and sing for it.
We shall pour it all out and eat it.
The blue fetishes we have brought;
We pour it out and sing for it.
We shall eat it all,
Hítcia háhina!

Hí hianai hu!
Here we pour it out and sing for it.
Here we pour it out and sing for it.
We shall pour it all out and eat it.
The yellow fetishes we have brought;
We pour it out and sing for it
We shall eat it all.
Hítcia háhina!(9)

13. *Hí hianai hu!*
The blue prayer stick.
Met me there.
Beside the corn
Black [birds] in a row are singing.
The kernels are blue.
Hítcia háhina!(9)

14. *Hí hianai hu!*
Blue evening
Knows all.
Then I take the blue corn kernel [a prayer stick]
And sing for it.
Hítcia háhina!

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Hí hianai hu!
Yellow evening
Knows all.
I take the yellow corn kernel
And sing for it.
Hítcia hádhina!(9)

15. Now I am ready to go.
The ocean wind from far off
Overtakes me.
It bends down the tassels of the corn.

The ocean wind,
From far it reaches me,
Far it blows and reaches me.
The squash leaves it has broken down.
Hítcia hádhina!(2)

16. *Hí hianai hu!*
The ocean water hurts my heart.
Beautiful clouds bring rain upon our fields.
Hítcia hádhina!(12)

17. *Hí hianai hu!*
The outspread water!
Running along it,
I seized the corn.
Hítcia hádhina!

Hí hianai hu!
The outspread water [ocean]!
Running along it,
I seized the squash.
Hítcia hádhina!(9)

A song is included here which was made on a recent pilgrimage, as a joke, by men wearing modern clothes. It was not sung at the purification, but is passed around privately, with much amusement. The rhythm and the refrain are correct.

18. *Hí hianai hu!*
Pink shirt!
Braid on his hat!

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

Bowlegged!
Hítcia hdhina!(18)

After each two songs two of the singers walked over to perform an act of purification on the neophytes. They approached each one and laid a scraping stick on his breast and back, pressing down four times. As they did this, they breathed out, while the neophyte breathed in the power being given him. Each singer then spoke to him:

19. Hail! Thus do I to you. You will be like me. You will do much. You will go about much. You will be like me in action.(9)

Any other virtue of the singer might be augured for the neophyte.

As the singers returned to their seats, one man who was a hereditary sprinkler of corn meal, rose and strewed the sacred meal made from flat-headed corn over their baskets and their scraping sticks, also over the piles of salt and of tokens. During all this performance, the shaman sat by the fire, looking into the salt and then around the village in order to perceive any sickness or evil which might be present. He had his magic crystal in his hand and used it to "give light." The songs continued until morning, when the basket of salt was carried around by one of the pilgrims and distributed to the bystanders. As each took a lump, he breathed in from it to obtain power.

BEFORE SALT IS DISTRIBUTED

20. *Hí hianai hu!*
Morning is lulled to sleep.
Hítcia hdhina!
Morning is lulled to sleep.
Hítcia hdhina!
Finely ground corn [salt]
By daylight we will give.
Morning is lulled to sleep.
Hítcia hdhina!(9)

After the distribution the meeting broke up.

The neophytes now passed the usual period of seclusion to make safe the power they had acquired for failure to do so would bring

1: Underhill E-5 (1931-1935)1946 NU28 Papago NU28

on them and their families a disease called yellow vomit. The writer has not identified this disease, but has found it frequently mentioned by old Spanish writers as a pest of the country. The Papago say: "It comes from the smell of the ocean or the smell of the Apache. The Whites don't know that: that's why they have it so much."(9)

The length of the period of seclusion varied. At Komarik it was one month the first time, then four days.(9) At Akchin, eight days the first time, then four.(6) At Pisinimo it was sixteen days, with a move nearer the house after every four.(1) At Anegam it was four days away from the house, with diet restrictions for four days after the return.(5)

In any case, after each four-day period the neophyte was bathed by his guardian in cool water. His face was not blacked as for purification after war, but otherwise he was under the same restrictions. He was not allowed to eat meat, salt, or grease. He must not look at the sun or go near the fire. For the first day and night, until after the public purification, he was allowed no fire at all. Afterward he could have a small one, but he must fan, not blow it.(6) Every four days the dishes he had used were thrown away, each being "killed" by making a hole in the bottom, and new ones were provided by the women of the family. The women cooked for him, but on a separate fire, or a separate part of the fire, where none of the family food had been cooked. He must use the scratching stick—according to some, the same which he had brought from the ocean, according to others, a new one every four days. His wife was under no restrictions.[12]

Neophytes generally made their first pilgrimage at sixteen or seventeen, and this experience placed them within the ranks of adults. The seclusion during purification was the time when the fathers of eligible girls often approached the parents of neophytes to offer their daughters.

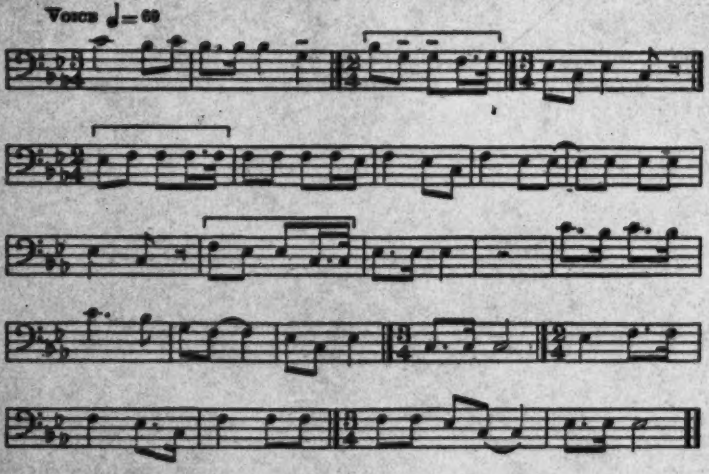
[12] This pilgrimage has obvious likenesses to the simpler ones made by Zuni (Stevenson, 1901–2, pp. 354–360; Acoma (White, 1929–30, p. 199); Laguna (Parsons, 1923, p. 226); Cochiti (Goldfrank, p. 9); and Hopi (Beaglehole, "Notes on Hopi Economic Life," Yale University Publications in Anthropology, No. 15, pp. 52–55). It also has many points in common with the Huichol expedition to gather *hikuli or peyote* (Lumholtz, 1900, pp. 126–236 and 268–280).

6: Densmore E-5 (1920)1929 NU28 Papago NU28

No. 120. "Cowaka, Come and Help Us Sing" 533^x

(Catalogue No. 1012)

Recorded by JOSE MANUEL



TRANSLATION

We stand and start the singing.
Cowaka, come out and help us sing.
We will keep you standing all night long and cure you.

Analysis.—This rather quaint melody contains three phrases which end with a descending minor third and a final phrase which ends with an ascending minor third. The song contains only four intervals larger than a minor third. It is based on the second five-toned scale and has a compass of eight tones, the melody lying between the keynote and its octave, which is an unusual melodic structure.

The melody of the following song was not transcribed.

TRANSLATION

A poor man takes the songs in his hand and drops them near the place where the sun sets.
See, Cowaka, run to them and take them in your hand and place them under the sunset.

SONGS CONNECTED WITH EXPEDITIONS TO OBTAIN SALT

The fact that the Papago made expeditions to the Gulf of California for the purpose of obtaining salt has been mentioned by several writers but the distinction is not always made between commercial expeditions and those which had for their object the securing 484 317

6: Densmore E-5 (1920) 1929NU28 Papago NU28

484 of "medicine power" from the ocean. The commercial expeditions
317 were made by many people and while the journey was long and hard it was not surrounded by the regulations which made the latter type of expedition a severe test of a man's physical endurance. The
[823] ocean was regarded with reverence and a man must undergo a severe ordeal in order to come into communication with it and to receive power from it. However, his journey and that of the seeker for salt had a few points in common, both being required to run four times around the bed of salt (*anta*) and to remain in isolation four days after their return, observing the usual customs of a fasting period.

484 The Papago used salt in the widespread commerce of the tribe.
317 It was an article of barter with the Pima on the north and was also sold in Mexico, where the Sonora Mining Co. bought about 20,000
439 pounds annually from these Indians.[85] In 1920 an old couple was still passing through Sells, Ariz., every year with a supply of salt
[497] which was obtained from the salt deposits and carried on the backs of their burros. The salt deposit was said to be about 2 miles from the Gulf of California and about 130 miles from the southern part of the Papago reservation. Those who went for salt made their camp a little distance from the salt bed and after gathering the salt they ran to the sea and thence to their camp, but they did not go to Hiamorli (or Hiamowitcu), which was the destination of those who sought "medicine power."

484 An expedition to secure salt for commercial purposes had its
317 peculiar customs. Mattias Hendricks went with his father on such a trip, the party including one man beside his father. Mattias was then a little boy, but old enough to get the horses in the morning. Those who went for salt usually took two or three pack burros or horses on which to bring back the salt. They made their camp at a distance from the salt bed and when they went to gather the salt they were required to run four times around the salt bed without stopping. The circumference of the salt bed was about a mile and a quarter. When they had done this and performed certain rites they could take the salt. There were some rocks with sharp edges near the place and these were used in scraping aside the fine substance which covered the surface of the salt and was also below it. This substance was called "salt shoes" and did not have a pleasant taste. Mattias Hendricks said he remembered that his father, after breaking through this substance, said to the salt, "Please leave your shoes because you must ride on a burro." The sharp rocks were used also in scraping up the salt. After the men had finished gathering the salt they ran to the sea without stopping and returned to their camp.

[85] Frank Russell, op. cit., p. 94.

7: Lumholtz N-5 (1909-1910) 1912
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312 There should be no great difficulty in making dams, and still less in sinking artesian wells. I was told of a very convenient place for a large dam in the low range north of Temporales, near the boundary line, three or four miles away. This valley averages eight or ten miles in width; a few miles east of Sonoita low mountains draw it together, but below that settlement it widens again. Only the middle part, at a width of one or two miles, probably more at certain places, is serviceable. There may be found a few sandy patches in certain localities, but, taking it all in all, this extensive stretch of tillable soil would be well worth investigating by people interested in agricultural pursuits, and one may expect at no distant date the reclamation of what is now practically a wilderness.

317 At the first Indian rancheria which we passed here, we found that some of the inhabitants had just returned from a salt expedition to the Salina de San Jorge on the Gulf. There were four full loads of salt lying scattered outside of one of the houses. The salt had been placed [492] in discarded flour sacks, two being carried inside of a packing bag of mescal fibre, which is slung over the back of the animal and constitutes a load. Coarse grass is wrapped around each sack for protection, and the bag when in use rests on two rolls of grass, which serve the Papago as pack or riding-saddle, as the case may be.

361 This summer rancheria as well as the next, called [312] Represa de Enrique, is quite populous. At the latter place the Indians possess a large dam. Our arrival caused much excitement at first, due to a misapprehen-

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ooo ulated myself on having saved the expedition from possible disaster. Next morning, by digging six feet deep, fairly good water was procured on the beach of the salt deposit. The two mules which were so particular had been without water for over seventy-two hours.

We spent one day here recuperating and trying to collect the three animals, two of them donkeys, which we had been obliged to leave behind, but in this we were only partially successful. Our horses were in a bad way; these animals, however patient, are not serviceable for such a trip, as they are too fastidious about their food and water. A horse prefers not to eat rather than to try food he does not know. In fact, only two of them reached Sonoita again, and this was accomplished only through the heroic efforts of their owners, one of them walking almost all the time from Colonia Lerdo and the other keeping up his horse's strength with a sack of oats which he had succeeded in securing there. They were large, splendid looking animals at the start, but, as my guide said and as is generally true, "the horse that enters the médanos never comes back." Even my riding mule began to show signs of fatigue.

● 317 The salt deposit is at a bend of the slough, and is only about a quarter of a mile long, some two hundred yards broad, and is apparently shallow. The salt is found in layers; along the water edge it is rose-colored and in the central part quite hard and fairly free from impurities. The sea, which is three miles off, is said by the Indians to reach here twice a year. This salina is interesting only because it has from time immemorial yielded the main

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supply of salt for the Papago Indians, who still come here even from as far away as the Gila River. A few Mexicans also, of outlying places such as Quitovac and Sonoita, obtain this commodity from here. The main route followed by the Indians passes over Quitovaquita, Tinaja del Cuervo, and La Soda, and there is also a trail from the Tinaja del Cuervo direct to Quitovac.

Guadalupe pointed out to me the place where the Indian expeditions camp among the greasewood bushes close to the shore. He also showed me where the Indians, before attempting to gather the salt, had their ceremonial race on the deposit, running four times either forward and backward or one side up and the other down. He himself has been too much with Mexicans to consider any ceremony necessary for fetching salt, but at Chujubabi, where he often lives, he has seen Papagoes pass on their way to another deposit on the coast, called San Jorge, fifty miles from there.

Leaving their horses at the foot of the range of Chujubabi, the Indians would run on foot up the hills, nude but for a cloth around the loins and a ribbon tied around the head. Reaching the top, they would stop in a line all looking toward the distant salt, and every one would make a waving motion with the right hand, from out in toward the chest, one time only, and then they would descend again. The old men are left in charge watching the animals so that they do not drink water until the return of their owners. There is no water from there to San Jorge, the distance being covered by the Indians in a day and a half. This salina, which is said to be only a couple of

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●317 hundred meters in diameter and at long intervals covered by the sea, is still popular also with many Papagoes north of the boundary line. Their expeditions pass La Nariz, Espuma, and Chujubabi, and the time to go there is in April and October. Sometimes there is no salt found, when those Indians who are in the habit of visiting there come to the Pinacate salina.

[484 721] 317 783 The expeditions to the salt deposit, where we had our present camp, used to consist of thirty or forty men—"as many as when going to fight the Apaches," to use the expression of the most prominent leader of these expeditions to-day, whom I met at Santa Rosa in Arizona. In this case, however, they are all unarmed. On the road to [261] and from the salina the Indians eat and drink very little, their only food being pinole, a handful to each, three times a day, eaten in the morning before the start, at noon, and in the afternoon. It is mixed with water, and whatever little may stick to the cup after its contents have been eaten is buried in a hole made in the ground. Nobody drinks water without permission; they wait until the leader tells them to do so, and drink only when told to stop on the march. The party travels very silently, only elderly men who have undertaken the journey before talk, and nobody turns around either on the journey out or on the return. No member of the expedition can scratch himself unless he uses for the purpose a special implement made from a twig of the greasewood.

In the evenings going and coming they receive instructions from the leader concerning the care that must be

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taken both in the gathering and loading of the salt as well as in ceremonies and sacrifices. They smoke tobacco and they all pray to the sun and the sea for health, long life, and for rain.

Only toward midnight do they go to sleep. The leader carries with him six small sticks, pointed at one end, but without the usual plumes, to deposit in different localities, one in each of the two places where water is found on the long trip, one at an ancient waterhole, one in the salt, one "where the sea used to be," and another is thrown into the sea, which sometimes does not accept it if there is menstruation in the leader's house. He has also three cobs of corn of abnormal growth, flat and deformed and called by the Indians "flat-head corn." The first evening on the road he takes grains from these, four each time, chews them, and then spits into the mouth of every horse to make it strong. Some meal ground from the same kind of corn-cobs is carried along to be sacrificed to the sea.

They arrive early in the day. After having hobbled their horses each man takes off his clothing and places a breech cloth around his loins, and they all walk in a line down to the salt, the leader following, carrying a prayer-stick. Those who have not been there before run four times in the slough over the salt deposit, the others twice. Quite a distance is covered and some do not return until nightfall. When my informant, the old leader, was young, he used to run on such occasions what would be equivalent to sixteen miles. When the race is over every one rubs his chest, arms, legs, face, and hair with salt and then has his

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317 handful of pinole, whereupon the salt is spread out to
783 dry. The party next moves down to the sea; going into it up to their knees, each man carries corn-meal in his left hand and, watching for the waves, throws one pinch of it, caught with all fingers, on each of four successive waves. He bends forward when a high one comes lest it might throw him on his back, which is a bad thing as it would make him ill. They do not indulge in any sea
[823] bathing, for the ocean is too clean to allow them to soil it, they reverently say.

Toward sunset the salt is gathered in sacks, about one hundred pounds in each, two of these making a
[777] load. Great care is taken that no salt be spilled on the road as this would bring about some misfortune. Every one takes back with him a piece of silicious sponge which is found on the beach and which is kept carefully from
[756] year to year. This is considered a good remedy for external use. But the leader may take a bite of it, chew it, fill his mouth with water, and spray this through his lips on the men. Members of a salt expedition learn new
[533 754] songs on the trip and they say they dream them while asleep. Among the gifts of the sea may be a beautiful wife, luck in hunting, or swiftness in foot-races. After their return they must stay away from their houses from ten to sixteen days. A good deal of their time is spent in singing to the accompaniment of rasping sticks, and after having taken a bath every fourth day
317 the man is able to join his wife again. According to ac-
439 counts of fifty years ago* the Papagoes supplied Tucson

*See California Notes, Fourth Series, in *California Farmer*, 1863.

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BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS OF WIND AND SAND, NORTH-WEST OF POZO DEL CABALLO

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THE PINACATE SALT DEPOSIT

Papago salt expedition camp between the two clumps of greenwood to the left and in the middle

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317 439 and a mining company with thousands of pounds of salt annually. This was undoubtedly brought from this Pinacate deposit. Much of the salt used to be exchanged for wheat with the Pimas.

[pp. 274-328 not processed]

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Sand Papago

La Choya, Camp. In Papago, *Hanammétjurtivaxia* (*Hánam*, choya, a very spiny cactus of the *opuntia* genus which grows in abundance here; *métjurti* was interpreted to me as indicating "in," "near"; *váxia*, well, waterhole, spring). South of Pinacate. This camp is a few yards from the beach, and fresh water is found in a hole that has been dug ten feet deep. 103 361

Laguna Prieta, Camp. In Papago, *Vapk* ("Reeds"). A salt lagoon west of Gila Range (Sierra de las Tinajas Altas). Abundance of fresh water found among the bulrushes on the marshy shore. 317 ● 103 361

La Soda, Camp. In Papago, *Tjútjaka*. South of Pinacate. This is a deposit of soda, ten miles east of Salina del Pinacate, and three miles from the sea. Fresh water is found by digging on the shore, as well as three miles west at a locality called Tule.

Pozo del Caballo, Camp. In Papago, *Hiatitváxia* ("Well of the Sand Dunes." *Hía*, *Hiati*, or *Hiatit*, sand dunes, sand; *váxia*, well, a hole dug to reach water, also spring). This locality is about halfway between Salina del Pinacate and Salina Grande. It is a difficult place to find, near some high sand dunes west of Estero del Tule.

Salina del Pinacate, Camp. In Papago, *Óno* or *On* ("Salt"). Also called *Kavonoka* ("Badger's Salt." *Kav*, badger). A small deposit of salt in a slough three miles from the coast, south-west of the Pinacate region. This is the principal place from which the Papagoes gather salt. Fresh water is found by digging on the shore.

Salina Grande, Camp. In Papago, *Murtegshóotak* ("Running Water." *Múrteg*, running; *shóotak*, water). A large salt deposit forty miles east of the mouth of Colorado River, three miles from the coast. On the flat, north-western shore are sixteen fresh-water springs.

Sierra Blanca, Camps. In Papago, *Tóakomalik* ("White Mountain." *Tóa* or *'Tóa*, white; *kómalik*, mountain crest). A sierra south of Pinacate. A small water tank lasting three months is found near the north-east point on the east side, but the Indians had several camps, especially on the south side of the range. 103 361

Sierra del Rosario, Camps. In Papago, *Hiatikomalik* ("Mountain Crest in the Sand." *Hiati* (also *Hía* or *Hiatit*), sand; *kómalik*, mountain crest). A mountain range among the sand dunes

12: Hill Y-5 (ca. 1940) 1942 NU28 Papago NU28

NOTES ON PAPAGO POTTERY MANUFACTURE AT SANTA ROSA, ARIZONA

The Papagos occupy an extensive stretch of territory in the southern and southwestern portions of the state, south of the Pima. San Xavier, a small reservation, is situated near the city of Tucson; to the southwest lies the Sells area where the majority of the people live. Papago rancherias extend for a considerable distance into Sonora, Mexico. Santa Rosa, where this study of the potter's craft was made in 1935, is the largest and most important village on the several reservations.

Pottery making, next to agriculture and stock raising, is probably the greatest industry among the Papagos. Technique as observed at the village of Santa Rosa is quite similar to that recorded by Russell[1] for the Pima, differing from it only in minor details.

Clay for the manufacture of pottery is of two types—a rather coarse red material containing a large amount of hematite, and a finer-grained white clay. Both kinds are obtained from beds near Covered Wells, thirteen miles west of Santa Rosa. The material is first dried thoroughly by spreading it in the sun. As the red clay is mixed with small pebbles and fragments of broken rock, winnowing is necessary before it can be used. In former times, this was accomplished by tossing the material in a basket, but at present, it is sifted through a piece of screen.

Tools consist of containers for the clay and water, a curved wooden paddle, a large piece of cloth (later twisted to form a support for the vessels), an anvil (a small round stone), and several smoothing and polishing pebbles. In previous times, containers were baskets and pottery vessels; now these have been supplanted largely by burlap sacks for the clay and lard pails to hold the water.

The clay is first mixed with a little sand, then dried manure is added for a temper. Sufficient water is used to moisten the material thoroughly, and the whole mass is kneaded. The bottom of another vessel serves as a form. Ashes are smoothed over its surface to prevent the moist material from sticking. Taking a lump of clay about the size of her two fists, the potter pats and works it between the palms of her hands until it is formed into a flat disk. This is dusted with ashes, fitted over the form, and molded into shape with a smoothing stone, the material meanwhile being turned around and around with the hand. It is next removed, the form again dusted with ashes, and the clay replaced, then patted flat and even with the curved paddle. The hands are dipped into water and the surface smoothed all over. The bottoms of smaller pieces are shaped by hand, without the use of a form.

The base of the vessel now completed, the potter removes it from the form and sets it right side up to dry for a time in the sun. Another piece is usually worked upon while the first is drying, in order that there may be no delay. The paddle, anvil, and smoothing stones are dropped into the water container to soak for a few moments. When ready to start building up the sides of the vessel, the potter moistens its upper edge, then twists and coils a piece of cloth into a base on which to rest her work.

In beginning the process of coiling, a lump of clay about the size of that used for the base of the vessel is divided in half, each portion being moistened and kneaded thor-

[1] Frank Russell, *The Pima Indians* (Bureau of American Ethnology. Twenty-sixth Annual Report, 1904-05. Washington, Government Printing Office, 1908).